

*A New Song,*  
CALLED  
**SHANNON SIDE.**



**I**T was in the month of April, one morning by the dawn,  
When violets and cowslips bestrew'd every lawn;  
And Flora's flow'ry mantle bedeck'd the fields with pride,  
I met a lovely damsel down by the Shannon side.

Good morning to you, sweetheart, I to this maid did say,  
Why are you up so early, or where are you going this way;  
With cheeks like blooming roses the damsel she reply'd,  
I'm going to seek my father's sheep down by the Shannon side.

I said my lovely fair one, if that we can agree,  
And you'd have no objection that I do walk with thee;  
Kind sir, she said, excuse me, my friends would me deride,  
If I was seen with any man upon the Shannon side.

In transports then I seiz'd her, and gave her a loving kiss,  
She said forbear such freedom sir, what do you mean by this,  
The ground was moss whereon we stood, her feet from her  
did slide,  
So we both fell down together down by the Shannon side.

Three times I kiss'd her ruby lips as she lay on the grass,  
And coming to herself again, she cry'd what meaneth this  
Now since you've had your will of me, make me your wed-  
ed bride,  
And do not leave me here to mourn upon the Shannon side.

I said, my lovely fair one, from mourning now refrain,  
And we will talk of marriage when I return again;  
And do not let your spirits sink, whatever you betide,  
Until you see my face again, down by the Shannon side.

So we kiss'd, shook hands, and parted, and from her I did  
steer,  
I did not come that way again, till almost half a year;  
Till crossing o'er a pleasant lawn, by chance my love I spy'd,  
Scarce able for to walk alone down by the Shannon side.

I seem'd to take no notice, but straight look'd on my way,  
Till my love call'd out with all her might, desiring me to stay;  
These words she spoke, as down her cheeks the crystal tears  
did glide,  
Pray don't forget the fall you got down by the Shannon side,

To me it prov'd a woeful fall, for I'm with child by thee;  
If you would seem satisfy'd, kind sir, to marry me,  
Fifty guineas of pure gold my father will provide,  
With sixty acres of good land down by the Shannon side.

I said my lovely fair one, I like thy offers well,  
But I'm engag'd, so the truth to you I'll tell;  
Unto another fair maid, who is to be my bride,  
A wealthy grazier's daughter, on yonder mountain side.

I then since you will not marryr come tell to me your name,  
That when your child is born, I may call it by the same;  
They call me Capt. Thunderbolt, the truth I'll ne'er deny  
And I've got men at my command on yonder mountain high

So we kiss'd, shook hands, & parted, from her I went away  
And turning back my head aside, these words I heard her say,  
I hope I may a warning be to all the maids that pass by,  
Never to trust a man again, down by the Shannon side.

